LOVELY BETTY's

GARLAND.

Beautified with ſeveral Excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. *Billy's* Complaint to the pretty Birds for the Uſage of his lovely *Betty.*

II. Lovely *Betty's* Reply; or, her kind Invitation to welcome her *Billy* Home again.

III. The cratty Lady, or, The fumbling 'Squire outwitted.

Licenſed and entered according to Order.

Lovely BETTY GARLAND, &c.

Billy's *Complaint to the pretty Birds, for the hard Usage of his lovely* Betty.

FAIREST Creature, why doſt thou ſlight me,
Look with Pity on thy Slave;
Thoſe lovely Eyes did firſt invite me,
Muſt they ſend me to my Grave?
Unconſtant Women, that's true to no Man,
Hard is my Fate of loving thee:
Lovely *Betty*, charming *Betty*,
Love the Man that's true to thee.

When I firſt began to court her,
This Charmer all her Arts diſplay'd;
Nature ne'er form'd a ſweeter Creature,
Then this lovely charming Maid:
But ſhe's cruel into her Jew,
Hard's my Fate of loving thee,
Lovely *Betty*, &c.

Ten thouſand *Cupids* are round about her,
Her charming Breaſt's as white as Snow;
Her ruby Lips are the chryſtal Fountain,
Where the ſofteſt Pleaſures flow:
With blooming Graces adorn'd is ſhe,
None can withſtand that does her ſee.
Lovely *Betty*,

Seven

Seven long Years for her I have languiſh'd,
Many long Nights andtedious Days;
But ſhe no pity has for my Anguiſh,
Cupid ſend me ſome gentle Aid,
That I may find her to grow kinder,
Happy for ever ſhould I be:
Lovely *Betty*, &c.

How conſtant are young Women,
Boaſting in their beautiful Charms,
When they have brought the conquer'd Hero
Captive, to their lovely Arms;
Then the Tyrant they are playing,
To torment their faithful Swain;
My lovely *Betty*, my charming *Betty*,
Kinder prove, and eaſe my pain.

I'll go range the Groves and Vallies,
To the pretty Birds complain;
Day and Night I'll be make my loneſome Pillow,
With green Turfs upon the Plain;
Day and Night I'll be complaining,
Of my charming faithleſs ſhe,
Lovely *Betty*, &c.

When Storms of Love are all blown over,
Of Womankind I'll think no more:
I'll court the Wind and the raging Ocean,
To ſend me to ſome diſtant Shore:
But while I'm railing, of her diſdaining,
Cupid commands me to obey;
For a weak Woman, unconſtant Woman,
I muſt not throw my Life away.

Lovely

Lovely Betty's Reply; or, Her kind Invitation to welcome her Billy *Home again.*

WHEN high Hills and lofty Mountains,
And pleaſant Vallies were cover'd with Snow,
By a murmuring chryſtal Fountain,
Where the purling Streams do flow:
There fair *Flora* was complaning,
For the Loſs of her faithful Swain;
Crying, Billy, *Conſtant* Billy,
Muſt I ne'er behold thee again.

This Angel's Beauty did ſurpriſe me,
As bright as e'er the Sun did riſe:
Her Cloathing was the *Highland* Plaidy,
Like the Rainbow in the Skies:
Each ſilent Minute upon the Spinnet,
She did ſing a mournful Strain,
O my Billy, &c.

She ſung ſo charming, ſweet and charming,
Made the lofty Skies reſound;
The Gods in Pity, mov'd with Beauty,
Did like Mortals her ſurround:
Venus and *Cupid* to pay their Duties,
Came to reſtore the youthful Swain;
Crying *Fair Creature, lovely Creature,*
I'll ſend thy Billy Home again.

All the Lads in merry *Scotland*,
And the Laſſes crown'd with Joy,

Shall

Shall join their Voices in ſweet Muſick,
To welcome Home the wandering Boy;
To Pipe and Tabor the Lambs ſhall caper,
The Lark and Linnet ſhall ſweetly ſing,
Welcome *Billy*, conſtant Billy,
Welcome Home to me again.

And when the wat'ry Storms are over,
And proud *Flora* begins to ſpring,
Upon the Banks of Pinks and Lillies,
You your Pleaſures ſhall begin:
The Nymph kept playing, thus long delaying,
Does much Danger to Lovers bring,
Therefore *Cupid* little *Cupid*,
Send dear *Billy* Home again.

Cupid ſeeing the Nymph impatient,
Drew his Bow and ſhot the Swain,
Soon retired the conquer'd Hero,
To her Arms who did complain:
Oh! the Kiſſes, and charming Bliſſes,
That tender Lovers entertain;
Sure thoſe Bleſſings beyond Expreſſing,
When abſent Lovers meet again.

Venus took her Flight when ſmiling,
Cupid withdrew his golden Dart,
Then left the Nymph and Swain careſſing,
Which ſoon gave Eaſe unto her Smart:
Thou goodlike Creature in every Feature,
Love me longer the nymph did ſay,
What Virgin can withſtand a young Man,
Whoſe Powers do bear ſo great a Sway.

The

The crafty Lady; or, The fumbling 'Squire outwitted.

COME liſten a while and I'll tell unto you,
A comical Fancy that's certainly true,
't's an old Saying, but a very true Jeſt,
Sometimes Change of Diet doth prove the beſt.

It's of an old 'Squire of *London* I write,
Who wedded a Lady of Beauty moſt bright;
Not far from St. *James's* 'tis there they do dwell,
But as for their Names I forebear now to tell.

This old 'Squire he had a vaſt Eſtate,
And he and his Lady did live very great;
But having no Child, it cauſed a Strife,
To ariſe between the Goodman and his Wife.

Unto a Herb-woman hard by ſhe goes,
And did to her all the Secret diſcloſe;
Crying I have no Children, hard is my Lot,
And the croſſeſt of Husbands ſure I have got.

The Woman ſaid, Lady, I do know indeed,
That nothing can help your fatal Need;
Tho' your Husband's a Man ſufficient may be,
Yet another may do it far better than he.

By my Troth, ſaid the Lady, I will agree,
My Husband deſerves a Cuckold to be:
It's hard to live in ſuch Fraction and Strife,
I will do any Thing for a good Life.

A Countryman walking both proper and trim,
This Herb-woman ſeeing him, called him in;
Said, Countryman, here without Diſpute,
I will help you to Lodging, and Money to Boot,

Here

Here in my Houſe you ſhall have Bed and board,
All ſuch Dainties as this Place can afford:
The Countryman anſwer'd the Herb-woman, quick,
You want for to play me ſome *London* Trick.

It is no Trick that I mean for to play,
Therefore now give Ear to what I ſhall ſay,
Here in my Houſe you Lodging ſhall have,
And all ſuch Rarities as thou canſt crave.

She told him the Matter in every Part,
All which did revive the Countryman's Heart:
Who ſaid, If I do but this Lady enjoy,
I'll warrant my Life I'll get her a Boy.

She went to the Lady, as it is ſaid,
And told her the Bargain that ſhe had made;
And now to find a way they did contrive,
To ſun the old 'Squire as I am alive.

The 'Squire's Way was as it is ſaid,
To have a Sack-poſſet when he went to Bed;
She put ſomething in it to make him ſleep,
That ſhe at her Pleaſure might from him creep.

The Countryman went to Bed as we find,
But now this Lady run in his Mind;
At length ſhe crept in as light as a Bird,
And got in Bed without ſpeaking a word.

To tell you the Truth they were both in the Dark,
He ſaw not this Lady, nor ſhe her Spark;
Six Nights he did honeſtly play his Part,
And out of the Bed ſhe quickly would ſtart.

Six Days he did eat and drink of the beſt,
And every Night with the Lady got Reſt;
And every Morning then did he 'ſpy,
Ten Guineas upon the Table to lie.

As it happened one certain Night,
As he was enjoying his Lady bright;
She being overwhelm'd in Love's ſweet Charms,
She fell faſt a ſleep in the Countryman's Arms.

She ſlept till it was even broad Day,
And then he beheld the fair Lady gay;
Who was frighted to think ſhe was ſerved ſo,
And ſaid to the Countryman pray let me go.

For to think of my Folly it grieveth me ſore,
But take my word for't I'll come here no more;
Be ſure you ſay nothing as you do live,
And two hundred Pounds unto you I'll give.

With that ſhe leave of her Spark did take,
And going Home found her Husband awake:
To make her Excuſe ſhe thus did begin,
I have been at my Kinſwoman's lying-in.

Soon after the Lady bore a brave boy,
Which gave the farther and Mother much Joy;
And when the Lady was brought to Bed,
For Joy of a Son great Feaſtings was made.

The Midwife ſaid, Sir, Here's Daddy's own Noſe
The Cheeks are as red as the bluſhing Roſe,
His Mother's black Eye, Fathers own Chin;
There ne'er was a more joyful Lying in.

So ever after they led a ſweet Life,
He ne'er more abuſed his ſweet prudent Wife;
Alſo he is fond of his young Son and Heir,
And ſwears it's as like him as it can ſtare.

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